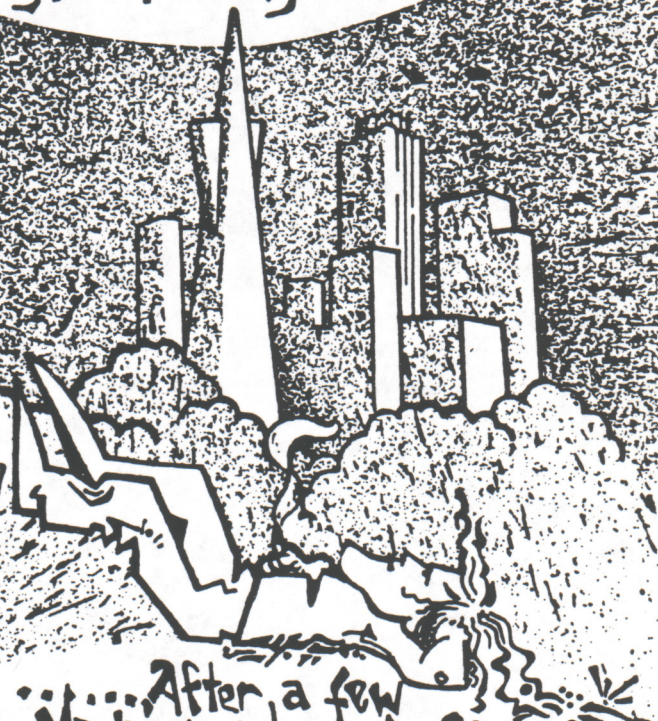




MARK WHITE

did not believe in God or Heaven.... According to Mark, Heaven never would exist... If Heaven existed, then that must have been where you were before you were born... But Mark White could not remember anything from before he was born... so Heaven didn't exist... Post mortem nihil est. Even though humans have free will, there is really no difference between good & evil - or right & wrong....

....To his credit, Mark didn't believe in money either... For as is often the case, people who do not believe in a spiritual God, worship a green one... Actually, Mark didn't believe in anything.... And he didn't try to convert anybody to his non-beliefs....



...Also, he got to smoke weed whenever he wanted on the job..

....After a few years, Mark wound up in San Francisco... After a while in San Francisco, Mark wound up as a bike messenger.. Mark liked doing deliveries because he didn't have to stay in one place too long.... He didn't have to see the same set of people every day... He just rode around in the streets, slapping hands with other messengers, and running in and out of offices to grab the envelopes that he delivered....

... Of course it rains in San Francisco... People ask what you do when it rains... You get wet... Somehow, most people don't accept this... Mark White didn't mind getting wet... He was pretty good at keeping his packages dry... The only thing that bothered Mark were the people who complained when, in spite of his best efforts, Mark occasionally delivered a wet package....



"Oh!... it's all wet!!" said the receptionist, with her 30 layers of Max Factor & Miss Clairol keeping every hair & line in place...



yeah... well it's rainin' cats & dogs out there

... And usually that was that... But from time to time one of the customers was not satisfied and would call up and bitch about the delivery being soaked.

But Mark was never fired due to complaints from such people... Mark's boss knew how it was... He had ridden bike at

one time... Mark went on working... At home Mark lived simply... He went to bed early... He got up early and ate breakfast and went in to work... He never ate lunch... On weekends he went to parties or a movie... Sometimes he found a girl who was looking for some fun, which is what Mark was interested in...



STORY BY
PETE MOSS
ARTWORK BY
JRSWANSON

...On a really fine day every spring
he would take some acid and
sit in the park and watch



the grass grow

...Sometimes Mark figured that
living was heaven, or close to
it... Mark had studied some
different opinions on where
and what Heaven might be...

...Then one night Mark had a dream... Dreams didn't usually
come to Mark... when they did, he wouldn't remember them...
...But this dream was completely different...

The problem is, that God had
turned out to exist, after all.
Mark's soul was walking down
a long hallway... There was a
bright light he was walking
towards... He began to
see a form
in the
light...

...As he got closer, a shape
at a desk emerged from
the great glare... Mark
came up to the desk and
saw the most immaculate
receptionist ever,
sitting
there...

...Mark
realized he
was holding an
envelope... He
handed it to her.





I'm Sorry

Your package is wet

Then a trap door opened up and he started falling towards a lake of fire...

Mark White had to smoke 2 joints to get back to sleep that nite...

MARK WHITE MESSENGER

STORY BY PETE MOSS

ART BY JRSWANSON

...In the mundane box across the street from the world famous pyramid, Mark dropped an envelope... Inexplicably his fingers flew apart....



...and the manilla slipped out of his hand at the exact moment he was getting onto the elevator... The envelope slipped though the crack between the elevator and the floor....



...This was a double calamity as the building in question had a definite policy against messengers using the tenants elevators... Mark had flouted that rule but now his delivery was fluttering through the twilight of the tenants elevator shaft....

...After he lost the package, Mark went down and told the Burns guard...



...The Burns guard started to sweat...



...It was his job to keep messengers out of the tenants elevator at all costs....

...The situation grew worse when Mark explained the delivery had originated with the very person who had dreamed up the fussy regulations in the first place....



...That person was the high-powered building manager, Margaret: no last name...

Mark suggested they call the maintenance guy first, but the guard knew Margaret would hear about it sooner or later and decided to tell her first.....



...Margret was furious on the phone... She hung up so violently that Mark heard the slam from where he stood.....

...Then Margret came down personally...

...outright in competence

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She informed Mark that due to his dundering stupidity, clumsitude, and outright incompetence, an important delivery was irretrievably lost... She promised to personally see to it that Mark never worked as a messenger again... Then Margret turned her rage on the guard...

..At this point, the maintenance guy stepped out of the service elevator.. "I was workin' in the well and this came flippin' down. Does anybody know about it?"

"That's mine!" said Mark....

...He grabbed the package and left the building....

...The package had a grease spot on it where it had maybe brushed up against an oiled cable, otherwise it was fine... Margret did TRY to get Mark fired, but that was about all she could do... No Burns guard, on the other hand, has ever worked that building for more than a few months.....

END

When Reagan ran against Carter in '80, Mark White was there as Rosalyn Carter came to San Francisco, campaigning for Jimmy...

MARK WHITE
MESSENGER

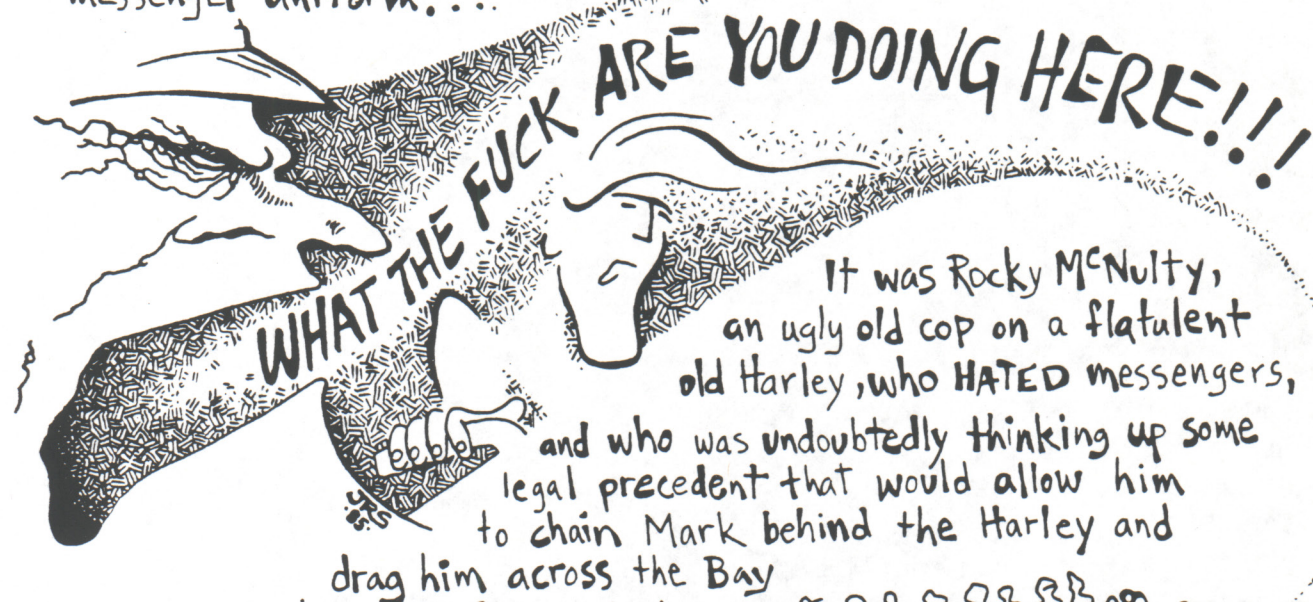
... As a campaign gesture, Roz rode the Powell line... She made a little speech about how everybody in America dreams of riding the cable car, just like in the Rice-a-Roni commercials, and how Jimmy was earmarking federal funds to help save them. Then the clanky cable car began its climb halfway to the stars, escorted by Secret Service, SWAT and TAC units from the S.F.P.D. Roz waved to the tourists and Panhandlers that made up the crowd...

Meanwhile...
Mark White was coming down O'Farrell from Van Ness... He saw the cable car go by and the hub-bub it left in its wake... He decided to turn up Powell after the cable car...

Mark White never thought the cable cars were that great. In fact, from the point of view of staying upright on a two wheeler, the tracks are downright stupid devices. Mark never went on Powell unless he had a delivery on that street...

But Mark forgot about that when he saw Roz standing on the rear platform of the cable car... He realized he was seeing a political campaign in the flesh and blood, not on TV as he'd been accustomed to while growing up in the suburbs. 'This is what I moved to the city for', he thought, as he cruized to within a few feet of the campaign car...

But Mark forgot about the escorts. He was so close, he could see the make-up Roz was wearing to look good for TV, and still they hadn't noticed Mark in his little messenger uniform....

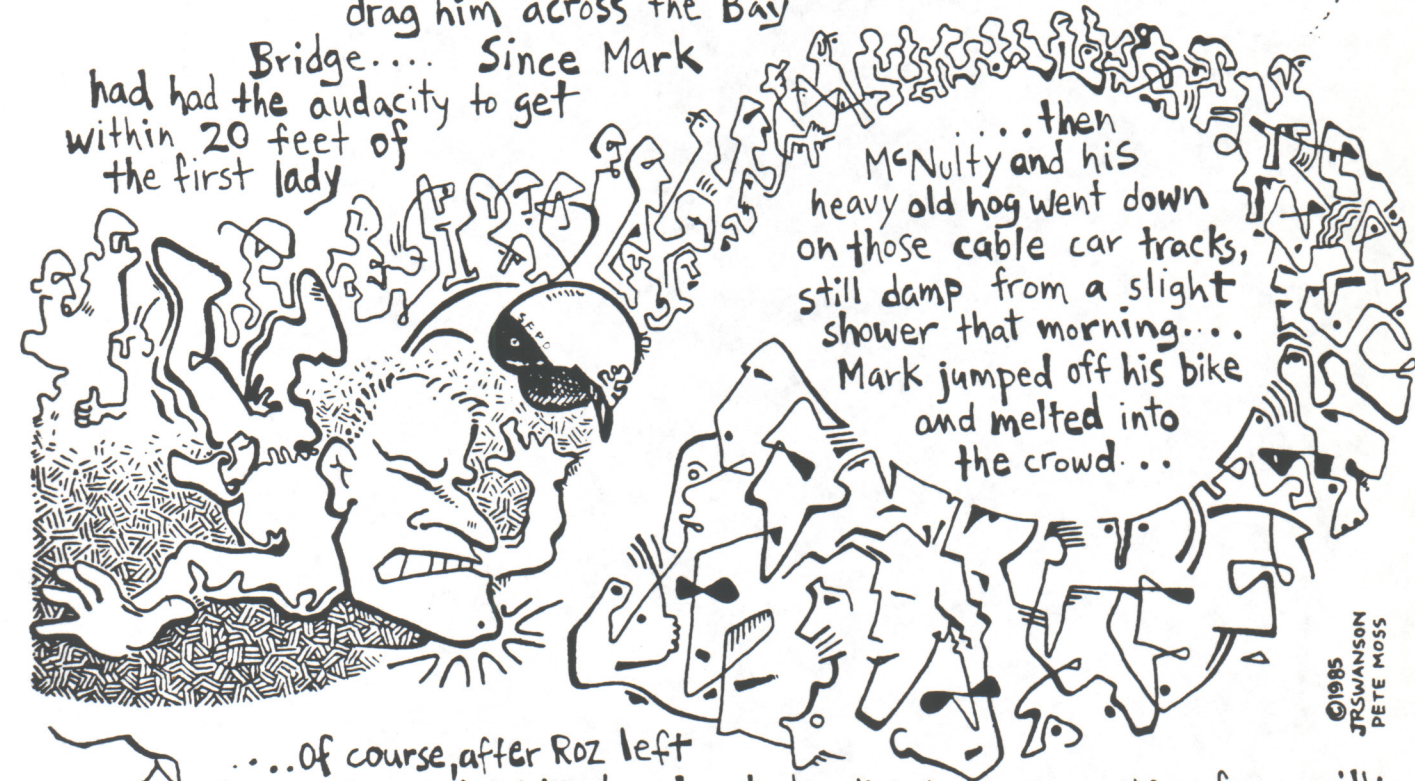


It was Rocky McNulty, an ugly old cop on a flatulent old Harley, who HATED messengers,

and who was undoubtedly thinking up some legal precedent that would allow him to chain Mark behind the Harley and drag him across the Bay

Bridge.... Since Mark had had the audacity to get within 20 feet of the first lady

...then McNulty and his heavy old hog went down on those cable car tracks, still damp from a slight shower that morning.... Mark jumped off his bike and melted into the crowd...



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PETE MOSS

...Of course, after Roz left town, McNulty found Mark and wrote him tickets for everything from spitting to resisting arrest. The last was because Mark couldn't stop laughing when he looked at McNulty's face and recalled the contortions it had gone through when the tracks were takin' him down....